



The Yosemite: Images and Echoes
Art Aeon

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***The Yosemite:
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The Yosemite: Images and Echoes

Sixty short poems
with their matching photographs
taken impromptu by the author

Dedicated to

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827):

May your invigorating, soul-searching, and breathtaking music inspire me to inscribe plain songs deep into my soul.



Coming Home

**How glad to come back to the Yosemite,
freed from long captivity in man's cages—
here opens at last the gate to the sublime.**

***El Capitan, Clouds Rest, Half Dome, Sentinel
Rock, Cathedral Rocks, and Bridalveil Fall—
so warmly they welcome a meek pilgrim.***

**May the vibrant light and moving music
of the pristine haven purge this refugee
to breathe in inner awakening at peace.**



Prayer by the River of Mercy

**Gracious *Merced River*
meanders through splendid *Valley*,
inspiring me with breathtaking beauty.**

**May snow-melt pure water
of this life-giving river purge
my heart and soul to breathe in the sublime.**



El Capitan at Sunrise

**Sheer stark granite massifs—
lofty magnificent *El Capitan*
soars up high into heavens in grandeur.**

**It looks like a mighty god
who upholds the universal laws,
governing all things in equanimity.**



In *El Capitan Meadows*

**Beneath pensive *El Capitan*, subtle
mists embrace calm graceful meadows
in eloquent silence.**

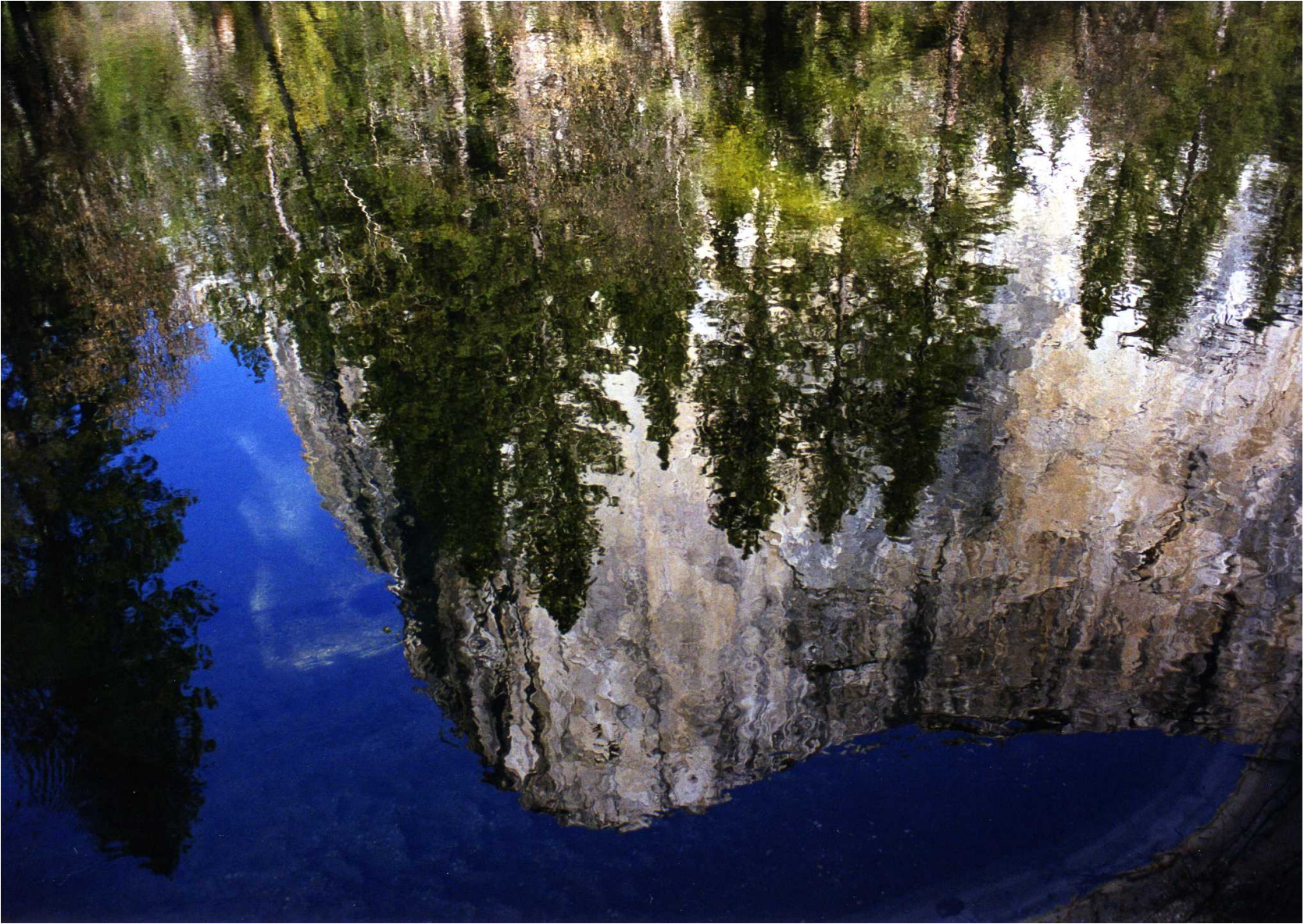
**A meek man strolls in deep
solitude. Simple heartfelt peace
gently pervades his humble empty mind.**



Merced River flowing by El Capitan

**The gracious motherly *Merced River*
flows around lush rich *El Capitan* meadows,
nurturing all creatures with vital verve.**

**How delightful to hear jubilant songs
of pristine snow-melt water, exulting
in long journeys to merge with distant seas.**



El Capitan* reflected on *Merced River

**Ethereal reflection of *El Capitan*
on limpid, tranquil, and pristine
heart of *Merced River***

**takes breath away from a meek pilgrim, elated
in awe and wonder amid this realm
of beauteous pure light.**



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El Capitan at Sunset

**Calm setting sun suffuses
El Capitan aglow in splendors.
A humble man prays in deep solitude.**



Yosemite Falls

**Lofty breathtaking grandeur
of *Yosemite Falls* makes me
thunderstruck in deep awe, wonder, and thrills:**

**May her stunning vista
inspire me to see the sublime;
May her deep voice resound in my heartbeat.**



***Yosemite Falls* in Spring Flush**

**The magnificent *Yosemite Falls*
in exultant, fresh, spring flush—how
deep she takes my breath away,**

**invigorating my soul with awesome
spirit in inspiring splendors:
Exuberant torrents**

**explode through sheer heights of steep rocky cliffs,
plummeting into stark dark chasms.
Deafening thunderous roars**

**turn into vibrant, pure, spiritual songs.
How subtly everything flows in
mystic river of time...**



Yosemite Falls at Sunrise

**In blissful calm before
sunrise, I come to *Yosemite Falls*.
So tranquil it feels amid such thunderous roars.**

**They sound like sweet gentle
lullabies, soothing this meek heart.
In time sun rises; it shines resplendent rays**

**on lofty exuberant
waterfalls. How wondrously they
set ablaze torrents of water, splashing**

**in sheer vibrant rainbows!
Nature imbues this grand sanctum
with sacred spiritual exultation.**



***Yosemite Falls* in Winter**

**Sheer stark colossal cones
of lucid ice glitter at sunrise;
They bedeck lofty walls of *Yosemite Falls*,**

**exulting in winter's
awe-inspiring splendors. Streams of
melting ice look lively flowers, coming**

**down from heavens. A man
bows to deep esoteric dramas
of nature, elated in austere beauty.**



***Yosemite Falls* in Mists**

**Subtle mists caress *Yosemite Falls*,
looming aloft in ethereal realm.
Here prevails the sublime.**

**A humble pilgrim kneels praying in trance.
The deep mystic voice of *the Falls*
resounds in his heartbeats.**



Reflections on *Merced River*

**Serene limpid *Merced River* reflects
wondrous lights of breathtaking sights.
Wherever I wander**

**in this *Range of Light*, I hear silent voice
of John Muir in me: how deep he
exalts this pristine realm...**



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Yosemite Valley in Mists

**Thick mists shroud soaring peaks.
Serene sacred *Merced River*
flows into mystic realm of immanence.**



***Yosemite Valley* in Early Spring**

**Subtle breath of new spring
pervades the calm pristine *Valley*,
gently awakening from winter's repose.**



Sentinel Rock

**The majestic twin peaks
of *Sentinel Rock* loom vigilant,
watching over this pristine range of pure light.**

**They protect all creatures
to nestle in this sanctuary
at peace—loyal symbol for security.**



Sentinel Rock Reflected on Merced

**Ethereal reflection
of marvelous *Sentinel Rock*
suffuses on the serene *Merced River*.**

**A pensive pilgrim muses
on empty pristine shores: he poises
still as if painted in mythical picture.**



Sentinel Rock at Sunset

**It looks about to ascend
high into heavens, leaving us
forlorn in the chaotic world of man.**

**Who will keep watching over
this *Range of Light*, if its faithful
guard hides in the beyond?**



Cascade Creek

**Clear pristine creek exults
at fresh spring run-off. Its vibrant
songs resound through panoramic canyons.**

**A man stands still in trance,
enchanted by its sheer lively sprays
dancing with cheers to reach distant vast seas.**



Vernal Fall

**Graceful *Vernal Fall* greets
a humble pilgrim, climbing up
along *Mist Trail*, cleansed by sprinkles of rainbows.**

**Gracious moving pillars
of pristine water purge his soul,
and soothe meek heart with warm motherly love.**



Nevada Fall

**Sheer huge sprays of water
explode with exuberant thrills,
thundering aloud in majestic splendors.**

**How vibrantly they dance
and sing with such breathtaking verve,
inspiring us with uplifting vigor!**



At the Top of *Nevada Fall*

**Tense hushed calm before sheer thunderous plunge—
snow-melt water takes my breath away
in taut thrilling suspense.**



Bridalveil Fall at Dusk

**Graceful *Bridalveil Fall*
whispers in gentle tender voice.
Its spray of holy water blesses meek heart.**

**Her warm gracious voice soothes
my humble soul. How lovingly
she sings for me to breathe in blissful peace.**



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Bridalveil Creek

**Crystal sparkling water sings, cleansing
worldly dust and rust from my dull numb heart.
May I immerse in pristine immanence...**



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A Deer

**A deer strolls in *El Capitan meadows*.
How gentle and friendly he looks: we all
are same dear children of Mother Nature.**



A Wild Life

**How thrilling to see this rare wonderful
creature, striding in majesty
near *Yosemite Falls!***

**A quick snapshot—then it
disappears like a mystic sight.
I still wonder: was it real or daydream?**



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***Glacial Polish* in High Sierra**

**Massive, adamant, vast granites, polished
by ancient glaciers for countless seasons—
how overwhelming and unearthly they look.
Yet noble pines make here their sacred home.**



An Old Pine on *Glacial Erratics*

**An ageless pine triumphs in sheer survival:
Its ancient tortuous torso entwines
in heroic struggles for existence.**

**How bravely it has prevailed in severe
trials for survival in this lofty realm:
It attests miracles of life in grandeur.**



View from *Olmstead Point*

**On stark unearthly glacial-polish
a lone pine stands aloft; it looks deep
into the *Range of Light*.**

**How wondrous and breathtaking all things look.
An elated pilgrim prays in awe,
sheer thrills, and heartfelt thanks.**

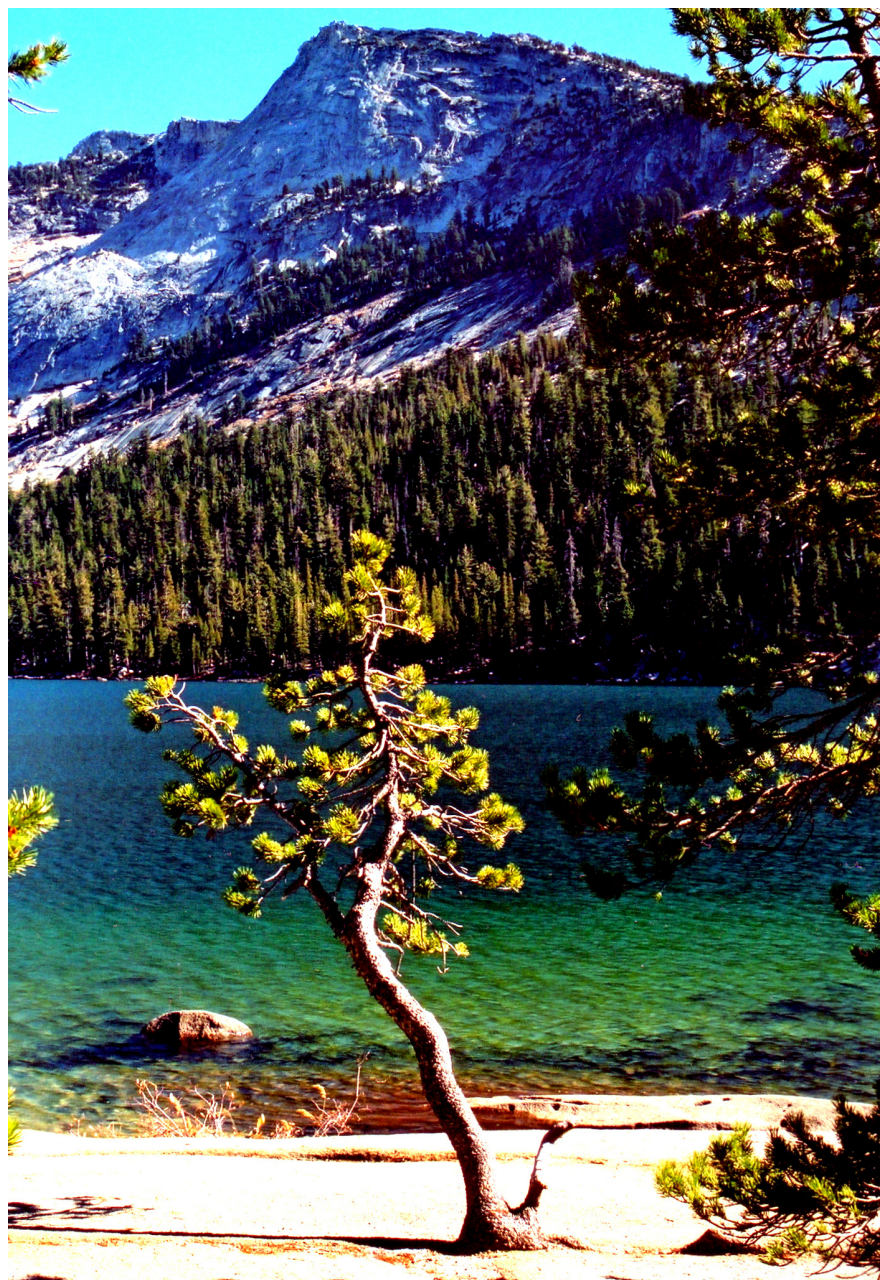


Tenaya Lake

**Amid unearthly terrains in High Sierra
this graceful pristine lake reposes in peace.**

**The mirror-like limpid water reflects
stately peaks in timeless meditation.**

**A meek pilgrim muses in deep solitude.
Here prevails ethereal tranquility.**



Tenaya Peak and Lake

**The majestic peak seems to converse with
the serene lake in eloquent silence.
What are they imparting to each other
in such esoteric tender gestures?**



Panorama from *Tioga Pass*

**Beyond vast pastoral *Tuolumne Meadows*
lofty mountains loom as if sailing
across mystic sea of time.**

**Fresh breezes invigorate my body and soul.
Am I walking in waking dream?
Or awakened in true home?**



Mono Lake

**Descending steep winding *Tioga Pass*
I come across calm surreal *Mono Lake*.
The vast expanse of still water reposes
in unearthly eerie tranquility.**



Tufa Sculptures

**Exquisite sculptures of tufa bedeck
this exotic landscape with enticing charm.
The more I look through, the deeper I feel
its enchanting magic spells enthralling me.**



In Sequoia Park

**Abode of the ageless life—
giant sequoia trees inhere
here in this rare isle of sacred sanctum.**

**For many thousands of years
these lofty godlike trees have prevailed,
witnessing all the rises and falls of brief**

**civilizations in
the drama of humanity—
paltry dreams of fleeting creatures on earth.**



Touch of Eternity

**Trembling in humility
I touch the lofty colossal trunks
towering high to reach heavens;**

**How gently their fresh barks caress
my humble hands, as if they were
to infuse mysterious breaths**

**of life deep into my meek heart.
Here I feel touch of eternity
pervading deep the inner realm.**



Heavenly Abode on Earth

**These noble lofty trees dwell
in sacred realm beyond our reach
since time immemorial like immortals.**

**The more I look up high
these towering colossal trees,
the deeper I feel the mystery of life.**



Hallowed Tree Trunk in *Tuolumne Grove*

**The magnificent torso
of an ancient sequoia stands
upright in eloquent prophetic silence.**

**It had withstood countless
harsh storms and droughts for millennia
till struck down by a fateful lightening.**

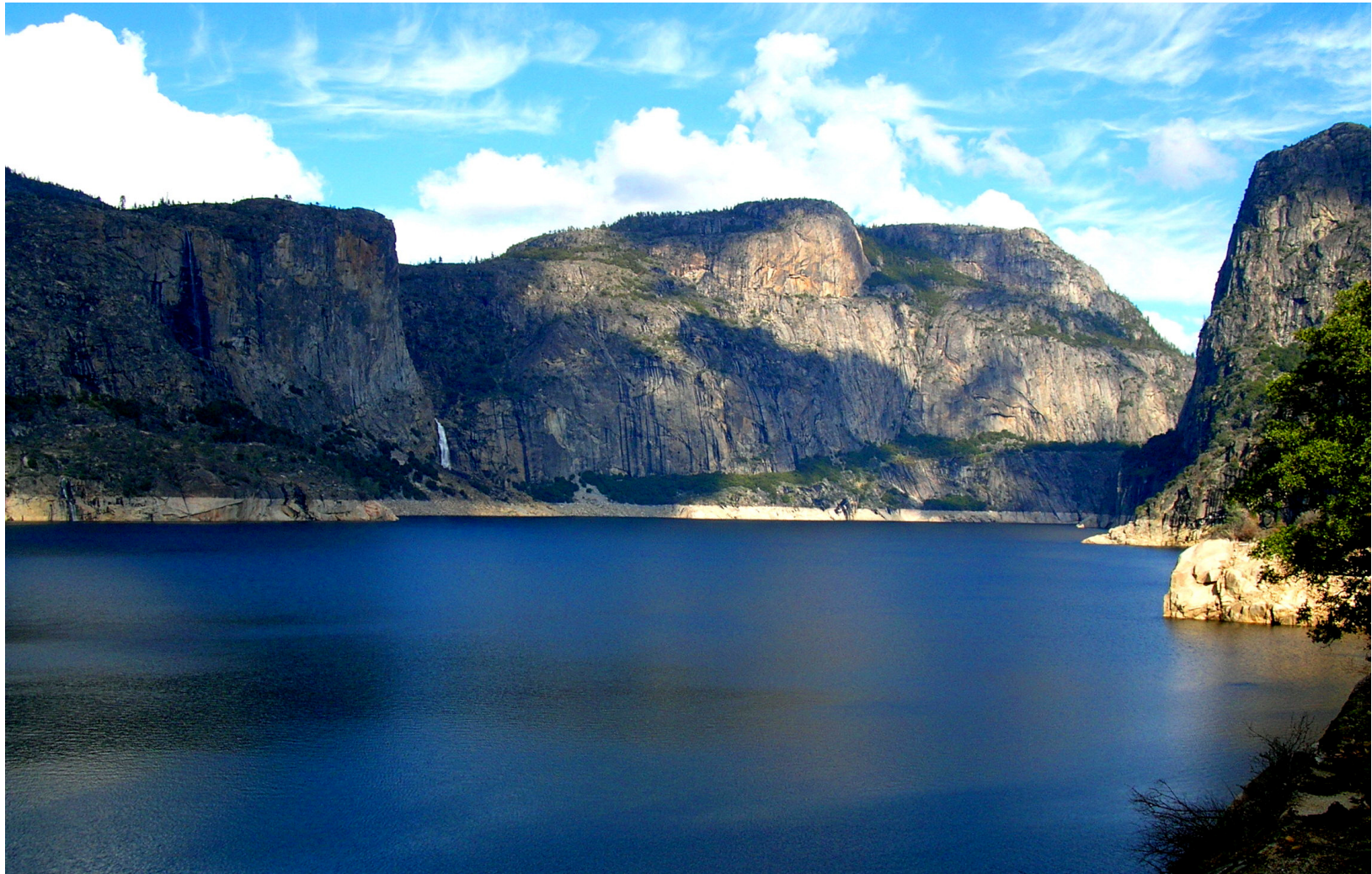
**Elated in awe and thrill,
I enter the trunk; timeless throb
of mystic life resounds in my heartbeat.**



Art of Nature

**Sheer remains of sacred old tree soar up
heavens: they look pure spiritual,
rising beyond this world.**

**Sublime beauty of this ethereal form
sculpted by nature takes away my breath.
True artist is nature...**



Hetch Hetchy

Glorious by-gone “*Tuolumne Valley*”—to vie with present *Yosemite*—has been condemned by man’s vanity into this bland man-made lake, suffocating its sublime beauty. Let us repent our horrible misdeeds; may Mother Nature restore her pristine beauty in time.



View from *Crane Flat*

**Rain clouds clear, revealing
El Capitan and *Half Dome* in such
intimate mood in subtle hazy sunbeams.**

**They look like numinous
beings rapt in deep meditation
to be awakened in pure enlightenment.**



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Clouds Rest

**Elusive visage of mystic *Clouds Rest*
looms in sheer stark magnificence—
abode of the numinous.**



Cathedral Rocks

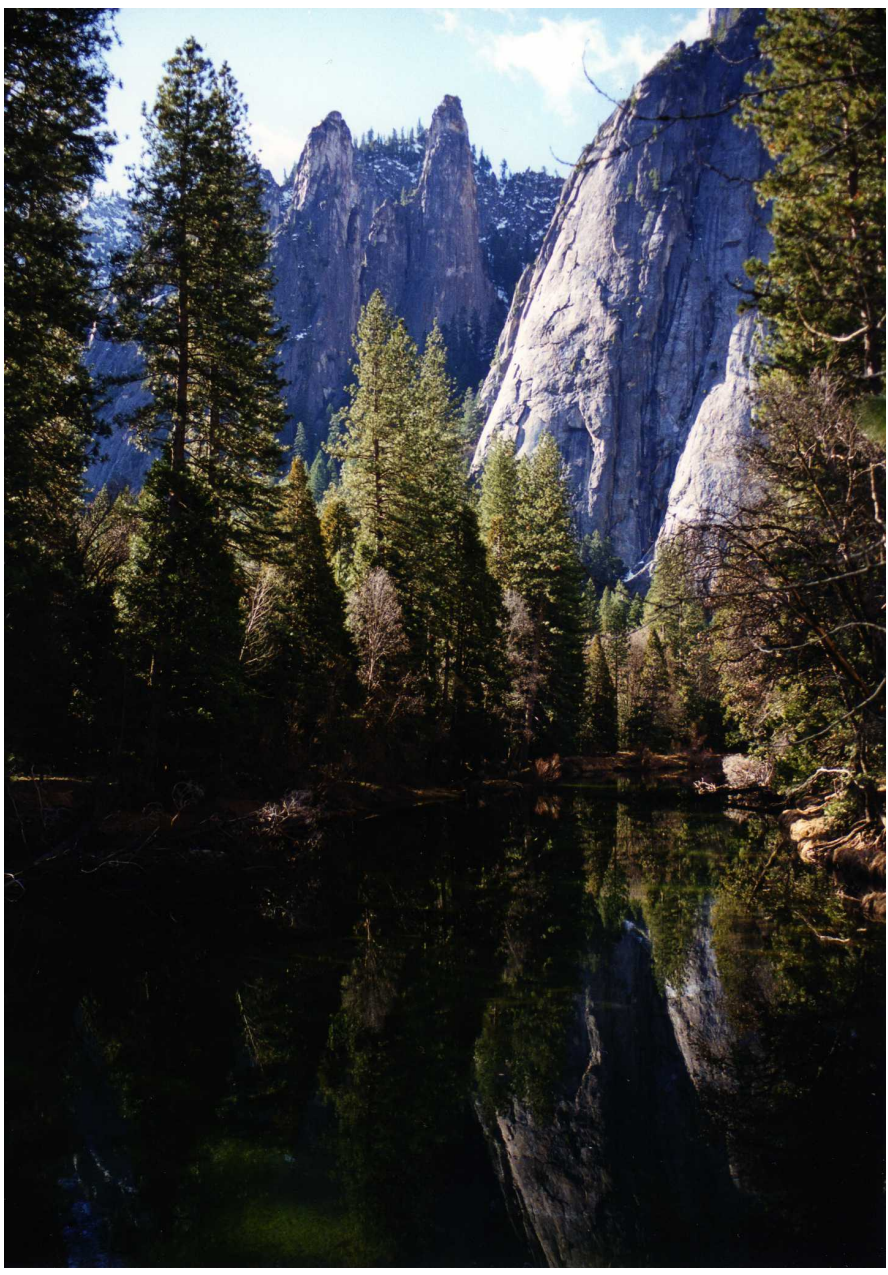
**Magnificent grand sculptures of nature
ascend high to heavens, singing
deep music in silence.**

**A pool of thawing snow reflects sublime
light, pervading from these living
peaks deep into my soul.**



***Cathedral Rocks* in Mists**

**Subtle mists shroud ethereal peaks floating
freely in mystic surreal realm.
A meek man muses in trance.**



Cathedral Spires and Merced River

**Serene *Merced River* reflects pensive
lofty *Cathedral Spires*, musing deep
in this range of pure light.**



In Thunderstorms

**In stunning thunderstorms
dense fogs creep on craggy granite
massifs. Lofty sheer peaks disappear, and then**

**reappear in ever
changing panorama. They flow in
surreal sea of mysterious time.**



Trees and Peaks in Storms

**Stark thunderstorms transform
soaring rocky crags, giant trees—all
things—into eerie surreal entities.**

**Amid such splendor of mystic
lights and shades all things here seem
to transcend into strange spiritual beings.**



Autumn in *Yosemite Valley*

**Colorful autumn deepens in splendor:
Beneath magnificent *Cathedral Rocks*,
gracious *Merced River* pauses still,
reflecting limpid pristine sight.
A pensive pilgrim muses in awe,
pondering how to breath in the sublime.**



Half Dome

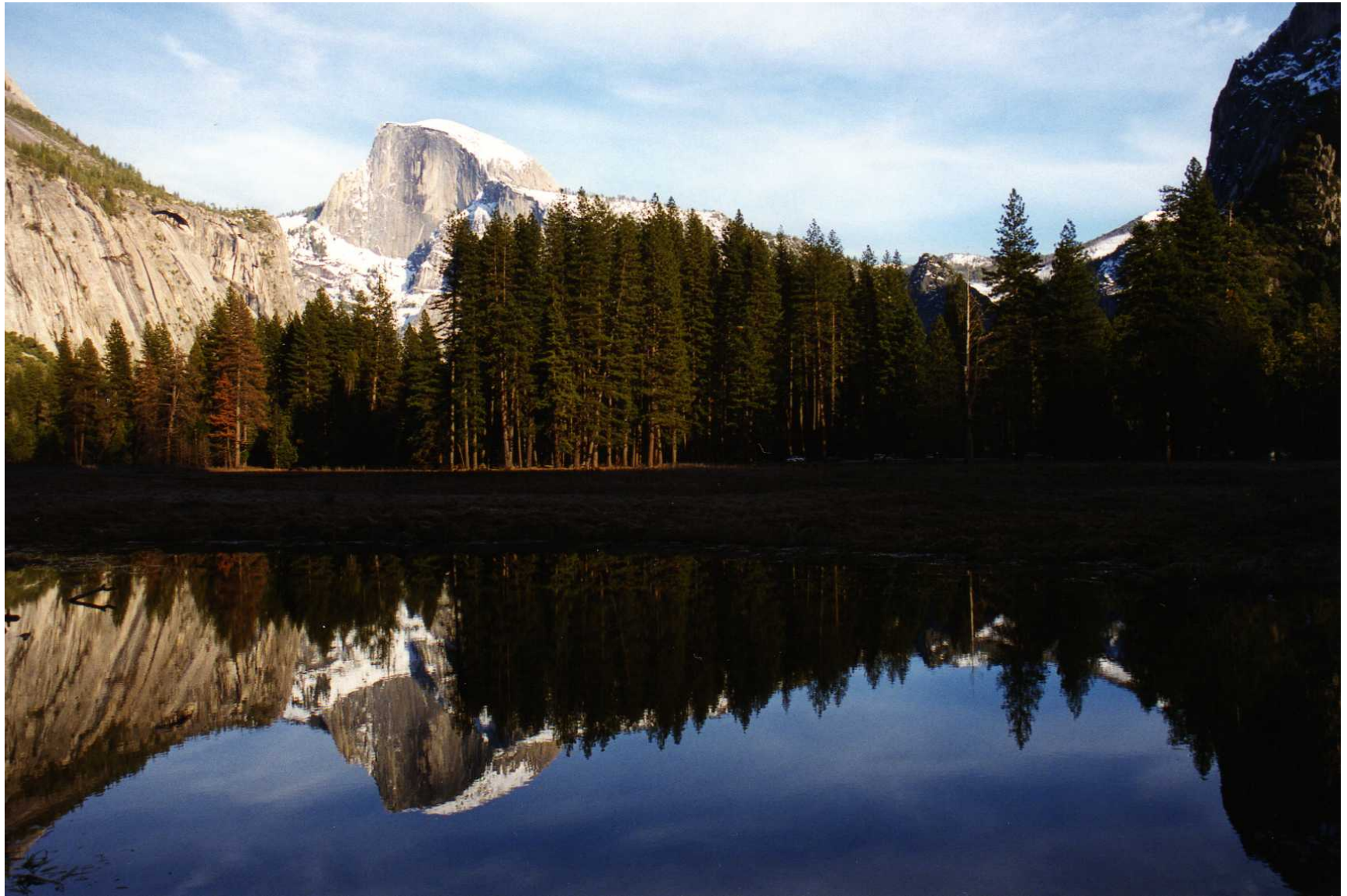
**Magnificent *Half Dome* beams
heartfelt compassionate smiles;
It looks aloof and mysterious,
and yet, so warm and intimate.**



Half Dome at Dawn

**In subtle light of pristine dawn
a mirror-like pool of thawed snow
reflects the ethereal *Half Dome*.**

**This mystic numinous mountain
looks ascending high to heavens,
awakened in an enlightened realm.**



***Half Dome* in Morning Calm**

**The impressive visage of *Half Dome* glows
in magnificence. What does it
muse on in such deep trance?**



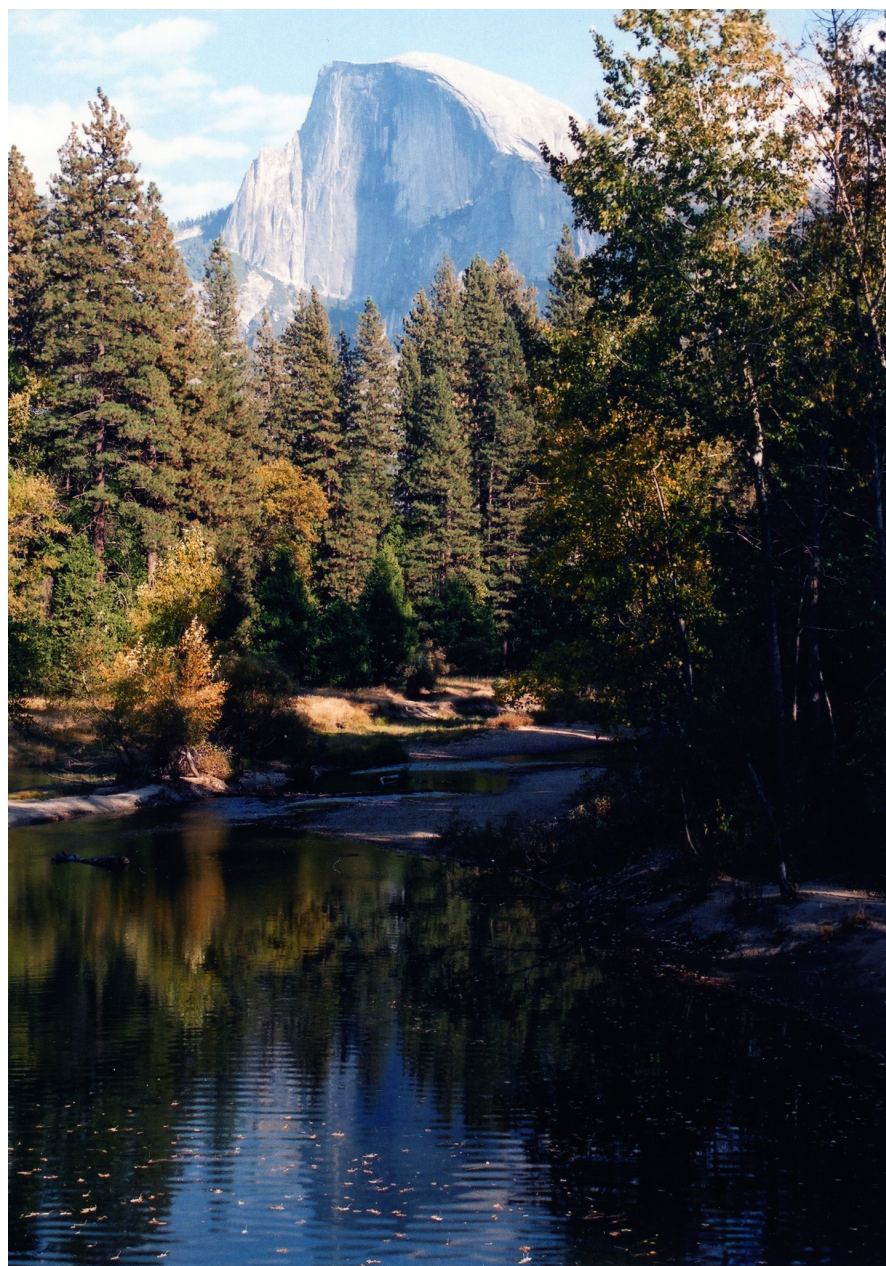
***Half Dome* at Noon**

**Bright sun illuminates
this pristine realm of light: *Half Dome*
exults with pure spiritual brilliance.**



Half Dome at Sunset

**Freely wandering clouds
gently caress noble *Half Dome*.
Poetic beauty enchants a meek heart.**



Half Dome and Merced River

**Magnificent *Half Dome*
looks over graceful *Merced River*
reflecting rich colors of ripe autumn.**

**What do they converse on
with such ineffable gestures?
May I hear their deep eloquent silence...**



Autumn Dusk

***Half Dome* looms aloft at dusk
like a god musing on deep thought
in this ethereal realm of mystic light.**

**Serene *Merced River*
reflects the impressive visage
of *Half Dome* in breathtaking eternity.**



***Half Dome* at Moonrise**

**Dispersing subtle veils of mists
bright moon rises above pensive *Half Dome*;
The mysterious visage glows
in inspiring spiritual light.**

**The ethereal scene is suffused
on meditative *Merced River*.
A mystic breath of the sublime
pervades this sacred sphere of light.**



Visage of *Half Dome*

**Sheer, stark, massive, rocky crag—
yet it looks like a wise visage
who seems to know all things in the universe:**

**Things in the past, here and now,
and yet to come; our joys and woes;
hopes and despairs—I pray for inner awakening.**



***Half Dome* at a Sudden Storm**

**Threatening dark clouds shroud *Half Dome*
in terse, intense, colorful play
of ever-changing lights and shades.**



Half Dome in Mists

**Delicate mists caress
numinous visage of *Half Dome*
meditating deep in spiritual realm.**



***Half Dome* and the Moon**

**Bright moon rises in clear sky.
Magnificent *Half Dome* glows in
spiritual light. An elated pilgrim muses**

**on inner awakening:
Vain thoughts vanish into the void;
Everything inheres here in immanence.**

Coda

My experience of the Yosemite is brief, narrow, and yet old: the first visit was in 1965 when I came to Berkeley for my graduate study in biophysics at University of California; I made three overnight camping trips. In 1969 I went to Pasadena for my postdoctoral work on brain research at the California Institute of Technology; I took a few more camping sojourns. Since I moved to Dalhousie University on the Atlantic coast of Canada in 1972, I had only sporadic short visits.

In spite of my paltry experience, however, the Yosemite has been an inner haven which inspires and invigorates me in mysterious ways. This little booklet is a naive confession on how I have explored the mystery of Yosemite with intimate passion: Its magnificent sublime images, taken in these snapshots reproduced from old prints; The echoes of its deep inner voices resounding in me, chanted from my heart into these plain short songs in awe, thrills, and warm thanks.

At Bay of Hope
Nova Scotia, Canada

Art Aeon

The Yosemite: Images and Echoes is a collection of sixty short poems
and their matching photographs taken by the author, inspired by the sublime light
and vibrant music of the Yosemite Valley, High Sierra, and Sequoia Park in California.

